



DEC. - JAN.

10¢

RIN TIN TIN

and RUSTY



Mystery covered the trail
to the "Apache Horses"!



RIN TIN TIN

in APACHE HORSES

ONE MORNING WHEN RUSTY AND RINTY ARE IN TOWN, ALONE...

LOOK OUT, RINTY! OR WE'LL GET TRAMPLED!

WEEEE-YUP! GET ALONG THERE!

WUF!



YARK! YARK!

WHEEEEE-OW!

RINTY! YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT'S RED BIRD—CACHITE THE APACHE'S HORSE!

HEY, MISTER! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT SPOTTED PONY?

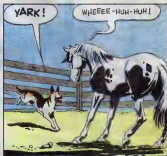
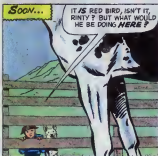
KEEP OUT OF THE WAY, KID! AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!



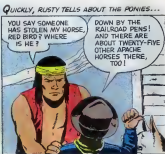
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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing a possible year old address label.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS









AT SUNDOWN, THEY REACH THE RESERVATION...

SCATTER THEM, RINTY! LET THEM BROWSE IN THEIR OWN PASTURES AGAIN!

YARK!



AND NOW, RUSTY, LET US GO REPORT WHAT WE HAVE DONE TO MY UNCLE OTAY — THE CHIEF!



BUT OTAY IS STRANGELY ANGERED BY THEIR STORY...

YOU *WHAT*? YOU BROUGHT THE HORSES *BACK*?

YES, UNCLE! THEY ARE IN THE PASTURE!



BUT YOU *CAN'T*! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? THOSE ARE *NOT* OUR HORSES!

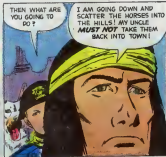
BUT THEY *ARE*, UNCLE! I'M CERTAIN OF IT!



GET OUT — GO AWAY! I SAID THEY ARE *NOT* OUR HORSES! I WILL RETURN THEM TO THEIR RIGHTFUL OWNER MYSELF, IN THE MORNING!

BUT, UNCLE —









OTAY! OTAY! THE SOLDIERS COME!

YARK!
YARK!



RIP!

RUSTY! RINTY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



CHIEF OTAY! I HAVE TO ARREST YOU! I GUESS YOU KNOW THE CHARGE — HORSE STEALING!

NO! HE DIDN'T DO IT, RIP! IT WAS RINTY AND CACHITE AND ME!



QUICKLY, RUSTY EXPLAINS...

...SO YOU SEE — WE TOOK THE HORSES AND BROUGHT THEM BACK HERE BECAUSE WE THOUGHT THEY'D BEEN STOLEN FROM THE APACHES! WE DIDN'T KNOW UNTIL JUST NOW THAT OTAY HAD SOLD THEM TO JED BAKER!



ALL RIGHT, THEN! IN THE MORNING WE'LL ROUND UP THE STOLEN STOCK AND TAKE IT BACK TO TOWN! IN THE MEANTIME, I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO LEAVE THIS CAMP!

WUF!

NEXT MORNING, WHILE
THE SOLDIERS ROUND
UP THE HORSES...

DON'T WORRY, CACHITE! YOU CAN
ALWAYS TRAIN ANOTHER HORSE
TO BE LIKE RED BIRD, CAN'T YOU?

YES! I CAN TRAIN ANOTHER!
IT'S NOT THAT WHICH
TROUBLES ME!



HOW COULD MY UNCLE HAVE SOLD OUR
HORSES—RED BIRD AND THE OTHERS?
WHY WOULD HE DO THIS?

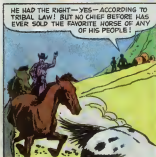
I DON'T
KNOW!



YOU YOURSELF TOLD ME THAT **ALL** APACHE
HORSES BELONG TO THE WHOLE TRIBE! NO
SINGLE BRAVE **OWNS** ANY ONE HORSE!
YOUR UNCLE HAD THE **RIGHT** TO SELL THEM,
DIDN'T HE?



HE HAD THE RIGHT—YES—ACCORDING TO
TRIBAL LAW! BUT NO CHIEF BEFORE HAS
EVER SOLD THE FAVORITE HORSE OF ANY
OF HIS PEOPLE!



RUSTY! RINTY! WE'RE
ALL READY! ARE YOU
COMING?

OKAY, RIP! WE'LL BE
RIGHT WITH YOU, AS
SOON AS WE SAY
GOOD-BYE TO CACHITE!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, WHEN THE HORSES HAVE BEEN RETURNED...

RUSTY! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS THAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF OTAY HAD TO GET RID OF SOME OF HIS HORSES, WHY DID HE SELL THEM TO A NO GOOD CROOK LIKE BAKER?

RINTY AND I HAVE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT THAT, TOO, RIP!



WELL, YOU CAN BE SURE OF ONE THING—WHATEVER PRICE HE GOT FOR THEM, OTAY WAS ROBBED! THAT JED BAKER WOULD CHEAT HIS OWN GRANDMOTHER!

BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M GOING TO THE HOTEL AND GET SOME BREAKFAST AND A BATH!

RINTY AND I'LL BE ALONG LATER! FIRST WE WANT TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO RED BIRD! HE AND RINTY ARE PRETTY GOOD FRIENDS!



AS RUSTY AND RINTY APPROACH THE RAILROAD YARDS...

RINTY! LOOK! A FIGHT! IT'S CACHITE! HE MUST HAVE FOLLOWED US HERE FROM THE RESERVATION!

YARK! YARK!



STOP THEM, RINTY! HELP CACHITE! GO AHEAD, BOY! GO!

RINTY!

LOOK OUT, SNAPE! MAD DOG!

YARK!

OOH!





BUT AS THEY CROSS OVER ON TO RESERVATION LAND, RINTY STOPS AND BRISTLES...



USING A TRICK LEARNED FROM THE APACHES, RUSTY PASSES HIS EAR TO THE GROUND...









MINUTES LATER...

OTAY! WHAT IS IT? WE
HEARD THE SHOOTING!

JED BAKER AND HIS MEN! GO AFTER THEM!
THEY'RE STEALING OUR HORSES!

OH, RINTY!
RINTY!



WAIT! I'LL GO WITH YOU AND SHOW YOU
WHERE THEY ARE! RINTY AND I RAN INTO
THEM LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO!

YNNNNH!
YNNNNH!



YNNNNH!
YNNNNH!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOY?
DO YOU WANT TO COME
ALONG?



YARK!
YARK!

THIS WAY THEN! DOWN BY
THE RIVER!



GO, RINTY! LEAD THE WAY!
WE'LL GET THAT BAKER YET!

YARK!



Soon...



WITH A SUDDEN QUICK MOTION, RUSTY LUNGES HIS HORSE AGAINST BAKER'S, CATCHING THE HORSE THIEF BY SURPRISE...



AND BEFORE HE CAN RECOVER HIMSELF, RINTY IS PULLING HIM OUT OF THE SADDLE...



STOP HIM! HEY, KID! HELP!



OKAY, RINTY! THAT'S ENOUGH! BUT DON'T LET HIM GET UP! NOT TILL THE APACHES GET HERE!



BUT SOON...

OTAY!

SO YOU CALIGHT THE SCORPION! GET UP! GET TO YOUR FEET! START WALKING!



LATER, WHEN RUSTY HAS SENT FOR RIP TO COME AND TAKE CHARGE OF THE PRISONERS...

WELL, OTAY! RUSTY HAS TOLD ME ALL THAT'S HAPPENED! BAKER AND HIS MEN WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN! THEY'LL BE IN **PRISON!**

THANK YOU!



I AM ASHAMED OF MYSELF, LIEUTENANT! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET HIM FRIGHTEN ME INTO SELLING APACHE HORSES!



WELL—NOW YOU KNOW THE ARMY IS HERE TO HELP YOU! IF YOU EVER NEED US, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CALL!



LOOK! CACHITE!

HE'S RIDING RED BIRD!



YARK!

YES, LIEUTENANT! YOU ARE RIGHT! THE APACHES AND THE SOLDIERS ARE FRIENDS NOW! WE WILL ALWAYS HELP EACH OTHER — AS THE BOY AND THE DOG HAVE SHOWN TODAY!



PAUL BUNYAN, JR.

PAUL BUNYAN, JR. AND HIS PARTNER, THE MOUNTAIN MAN, PAUTE SMITH, ARE HEADING WEST TO TRAP BEAVER. THREE DAYS OUT OF ST. JOSEPH, THEY CAMP ON THE BANK OF THE ARKANSAS RIVER, OPPOSITE A WOODED ISLAND. AN EXPERIENCED WOODSMAN, BUT NOT A PLAINSMAN, PAUL SPEAKS OF A WORRY ON HIS MIND...

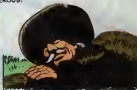


"I SAW A LOT OF INDIAN SIGN TODAY, AND WE'RE SENDING UP A TALL SMOKE. SHOULDN'T WE BE ON THE WATCH FOR HOSTILE INDIANS?"
"TAINT NECESSARY," PAUTE REPLIES, "ONLY INJUNS HEREABOUTS IS THE KANSAS TRIBE..."

TAME AN' HARMLESS. WHEN WE GET INTO PAWNEE COUNTRY, THEN WE'LL MOVE LIKE FOXES! YOU KIN ALWAYS TELL A PAWNEE, HE WEARS A ROACHED, STAND-UP SCALP LOCK. HE'S SMART AND DANGEROUS!"



ROLLED IN HIS BUFFALO ROBE AT DUSK, PAUL INSTANTLY DROPS OFF TO SLEEP. MUCH LATER, HE COMES WIDE AWAKE, ALERTED BY THE WARNING SHOUT OF HIS INDIAN PONY, WARRIOR.



"DIMMER DOWN, BOY!" THE MOUNTAINMAN GRUNTS, "THERE'S INJUNS AROUND, ALL RIGHT, AN' THEY'D SNATCH OUR HORSES IF THEY COULD. BUT THAT KANSAS TRIBE WON'T COME INTO CAMP - THEY GOT TOO MUCH RESPECT FOR A BUFFALO 'GUN!"

JUST BEFORE DAWN...



SUDDENLY, JERKED FROM SLEEP, PAUL FINDS HIMSELF FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE, IN THE MIST OF POUNDING HOOPS AND SCREAMING INDIAN ATTACKERS... ALL WITH ROACHED SCALP LOCKS! HE BARELY HEARS PAUTE'S HOARSE SHOUT... "PAWNEES! DON'T WASTE TIME! GIT TO THE RIVER AN' SWIM FOR THE ISLAND! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!"



IN THE UPROAR, PAUL BREAKS FREE AND SPRINTS TO THE RIVER. HE MUST GET TO THE ISLAND... AND HE MUST HAVE DRY POWDER! WHEN HE GETS THERE! THERE IS A TRICK, LEARNED FROM THE CREES IN THE NORTH WOODS...



STRIPPING OFF HIS HUNTING SHIRT, HE WRAPS IT AROUND HIS POWDER HORN, CAP BOX, AND THE LOCK OF HIS RIFLE, TYING THE BUNDLE WITH A TURN OF THE THONG ON THE POWDER HORN.



BALANCING THE BUNDLE ON HIS HEAD, HE SLIDES INTO THE RIVER, WADING UNTIL THE WATER IS NECK DEEP.



THEN, NOT SWIMMING, BUT TREADING WATER, AND FADDLING WITH HIS FREE HAND, PAUL "WALKS" ACROSS TO THE ISLAND. THE BUNDLE ON HIS HEAD IS SPLASHED, BUT THE POWDER HORN INSIDE REMAINS DRY.



AS DAWN STREAKS THE SKY, PAUL CRAWLS OUT ONTO THE ISLAND, TO FIND PAUTE ALREADY THERE GLOOMILY. THE MOUNTAIN MAN SAYS, "WELL, SON, LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOIN' UNDER! HOSSES GONE, POWDER

SOAKED. WE CAN'T NEITHER RUN FER IT NOR PUT UP A FIGHT. THEN PAWNEES!! BE ON US LIKE WOLVES. COME DAYLIGHT! CAN'T FIGGER WHAT PAWNEES ARE DOIN' SO FAR EAST!"



PAUL HOLDS OUT HIS POWDER HORN.
"THIS IS BONE DRY! RAM SOME INTO
THAT CANNON OF YOURS!"



"I'LL ASK HOW YOU DID IT, LATER," THE OLD MAN
BREATHES. "NOW, JUST LEAVE ME DRY MY RIFLE, AN'
CLAMP IN A NEW FLINT! WE CAN'T WIN, 'GAINST SO MANY,
BUT WE'LL COUNT A FEW COUPS 'FORE WE GO UNDER!"

ACROSS THE RIVER,
THE NOISE OF INDIANS
SQUABBLING OVER LOOT
SUDDENLY STILLS, AS A
TALL FIGURE CALLS
FROM THE BANK...
"KID, DON'T GET
IMPATIENT! YOU, NEITHER,
PAUTE! WE'LL BE OVER
DIRECTLY! I FOLLOWED
YOU FROM SAINT JO!
HOW YA LIKE MY FAKE
PAWNEES? I DRESSED
SOME OF MY KANSAS
FRIENDS LIKE PAWNEES
AN' ROACHED THEIR
MANES... KNEW
THEY'D PANIC YA!"



PAUL! IT'S SNAKE CARLSON! THE LOUD MOUTH YOU
BEAT IN THE RIFLE MATCH AN' WON THE HORSE FROM! HE
DON'T HOLD NO LOVE FOR ME, NEITHER! I RUN HIM OUT
OF A TRAPPER'S RENDEZVOUS, LAST YEAR!"



CARLSON BAWLS, "I KNOW YOU'RE HOLED
UP OVER THERE! I WANT THAT HAWKEN
RIFLE OF THE KID'S, AN' I'LL EVEN UP THAT
OLD SCORE WITH YOU, PAUTE! THIS
IS GONNA BE A WIPE OUT!"



AND IT'LL BE EASY, TOO! I BET YOU COULD POUR WATER OUT OF YOUR POWDER HORNS LIKE TEA FROM A TEAPOT! WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE FOR SOME OF THIS, RIGHT NOW?



SWIFTLY, PAUL COCKS THE HAMMER OF THE HAWKEN, LINES UP THE SIGHTS, AND, AT A FEATHER TOUCH ON THE HAIR-TRIGGER, THE HEAVY RIFLE FIRES!



THE PERFECT SHOT BLASTS CARLSON'S POWDER HORN INTO FRAGMENTS!



IN THE DEAD SILENCE THAT FOLLOWS THE ROAR OF HIS RIFLE, PAUL CALLS, "PRETTY GOOD FOR WET POWDER, HEY, SNAKE? PAUTE'S LINED UP ON YOUR BELT BUCKLE! YOU MOVE AN INCH, AND YOU'RE A GONER!"



CARLSON STANDS RIGID. THE STARTLED KANSAS INDIANS MOUNT AND RUN, EMPTY-HANDED. PAUTE YELLS, "SNAKE, YOU TELL THEM BUCKS TO KEEP TRAVELIN'! AN HOUR FROM NOW, YOU KIN START FOOTIN' IT BACK TO SAINT JO! WITHOUT NO HORSE NOR POWDER, AN' WITH A PASSSEL OF MAD KANSAS BUCKS LOOKIN' FOR YOU, YOU'LL BE TOO BUSY TO MAKE ANY MORE TROUBLE!"

DUTCHY AND THE LOST DUTCHMAN

"Come quick, Dad," called young Ken Smith, "there's a man staggering into town!"

"Why, it's Dutchy, the old prospector! Wonder where his mule is?" replied Sheriff Smith. "Looks like he's hurt. Better run get that new doctor, Ken. Hurry!"

Racing into the hotel with pounding pulse, Ken roused the doctor.

"Gee!" Ken exclaimed: as they hurried into the street, "this is exciting! I've been away at boarding school for two years and just got home yesterday. I was afraid Mesquite would be a dull place."

Ken stared in amazement at the fallen form of the grizzled old prospector. A bullet had torn through the frayed denim of Dutchy's left trouser leg near the hip.

"Get his feet, Sheriff," instructed the young doctor. "Ken and I will hold his shoulders while we move him into the office."

"Water! Water!" Dutchy croaked.

Quickly, Ken brought a bucket of fresh water from the well. After sipping a small glass of it, Dutchy tried to get up from the couch. Clutching his left leg, he fell back with an exhausted sigh.

"Let me look at that leg," the doctor offered. "Tell us how this happened!"

"It's not how it happened," Dutchy groaned, pushing the doctor's hand away. "It's what happened! My leg can wait, Doc. I gotta tell my story first!"

The young doctor reached out to attend Dutchy's wound, but was stopped by Sheriff Smith. "Let him talk," he said with concern. "He must have something important to say."

"Right as gold!" Dutchy retorted. "You know how somebody's always trying to trail me when I go back in the hills, Sheriff!"

"Yes, I do, Dutchy," replied the sheriff.

"Well, it happened again! Folks think my late uncle told me the location of the LOST DUTCHMAN MINE before he died, so they trail me, thinkin' that I'll find it one day.

"Two city fellers followed me into the

mountains; jumped me, threatening to shoot me if I didn't tell them the general location of the mine. Claimed they had a gadget that buzzes when gold ore is nearby."

"So, what'd you do?" Ken asked excitedly.

"I led them to the area I've been workin' over just lately — dry and hot, too. They ran off my mule and tied me up, while they tried that gadget of theirs."

"They drank all of their water and most of mine the first day. Next day all the water was gone. We stayed on! By the fourth day, they were so dry they turned me loose and ordered me to find water. Figgered if I held out another day, I could take over, 'cause nobody can go more than five days without a drink," Dutchy went on.

"Well, I held out, but they were pretty dry — too weak to put up a fuss when I told 'em I'd give them water in exchange for the gadget and their guns. When I brought the water, one feller pulled a hidden gun and opened fire, yelling, 'So you found water! One shot hit me in the thigh, the others —'"

Before Dutchy could finish, the doctor interrupted, pushing up Dutchy's trouser leg. Ken's eyes widened in wonder; the doctor burst into laughter.

"A wooden leg!" cried Ken.

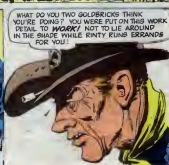
"Yep," Dutchy grinned, "and hollow to boot! Got two tanks in it, though, thigh tank and calf tank, rubber lined!"

Sheriff Smith smiled at Dutchy. "And where did you leave the men, Old Times?"

Ignoring the sheriff's question, Dutchy continued. "The slug punctured the thigh tank, which I'd emptied to give 'em a drink. The other shots missed, so I took a chance and whacked them a couple of times and left them tied up. Had just enough water left in the calf tank to get me back here to fetch you, Sheriff! Where did I leave 'em? Why, I left 'em tide up on the spot where this gadget started chattering like mad! Looks like the LOST DUTCHMAN is found!"

Rin Tin Tin

REVENGE







AND AS O'HARA COMMANDED HIM, HE
TAKES THE WATER TO THE SERGEANT!



ZZZZ -
ZZZZ -
ZZZZ!

YVNNH!
YVNNH!



YOW!



BOGGONE YOU, RINTY!
COME BACK HERE!

YIPE!



RINTY! WHAT'S
WRONG?!

KI-YI-YI-
YI-YI-!!



O'HARA!





A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



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Safety Training Dept. P-6397
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